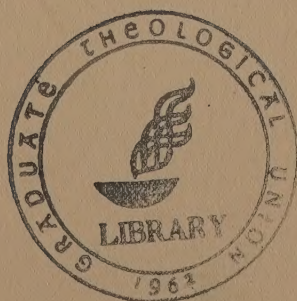


Annis ford Eastman



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Annís Ford Eastman

Memorial Service

The Park Church
Elmira, N. Y.

Sunday Afternoon
October 30, 1910

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Annis Ford was born April 24, 1852, at Peoria, Illinois, where her parents, George Ford and Catherine Stehley Ford, had gone to live from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. She was the youngest of five sisters.

After graduating at the Peoria High School, Annis Ford attended Oberlin College and there became acquainted with Samuel E. Eastman, a fellow student. She left college and taught school at Erie, Pennsylvania, until Mr. Eastman was graduated from the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Eastman were married in Peoria in August, 1875. They went to their first parish in Swampscott, Massachusetts. In a few years Mr. Eastman accepted a call to the First Congregational Church in Canandaigua, New York. Here, after five years of service, his health failed. Mrs. Eastman, upon whom the burden of the support of the family fell, taught history for two years in the then famous Granger Place School for girls. On Sunday evenings she conducted religious services before an audience of the pupils and their teachers.

Mrs. Eastman then accepted the pastorate of the church at Brookton, New York, where she labored until Mr. Eastman's health improved and he was enabled to work again. While Mrs. Eastman was in the pastorate at Brookton she was ordained to the ministry, the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, assisted in the ordination service.

From Brookton Mrs. Eastman was called to a pastorate at West Bloomfield, New York, where she remained three years.

In 1894 Mr. Eastman's health had so far improved that he and Mrs. Eastman accepted the call to become associate pastors with the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of The Park Church at Elmira. At Mr. Beecher's death in 1900, Mr. and Mrs. Eastman became the joint pastors of The Park Church, and their most unusual work in this society and keen interest and assistance in all that pertained to the general uplift of the community is too well known to need telling here.

Mrs. Eastman died at her home, 118 East Chemung Place, on the morning of October the twenty-second, 1910, in the fifty-ninth year of her age.



Service

Organ—Pilgrim's Chorus - - - Wagner

MR. JOHN HEPPLÉ SHEPHERD

Scripture - - DR. WILLIAM C. GANNETT

*Pastor Emeritus First Unitarian Church,
Rochester, N. Y.*

Address - - - DR. WILLIAM T. HENRY

Pastor First Baptist Church, Elmira, N. Y.

Address - - - MR. Z. R. BROCKWAY

Elmira, N. Y.

Address and Prayer - - - DR. GANNETT

Organ—Walter's Prize Song - - WAGNER

MR. SHEPHERD

Sermon and Prayer of Mrs. Eastman's DR. VIDA MOORE

Elmira College

Benediction - - - - DR. GANNETT

Organ

DR. GANNETT.

PARTS OF PSALMS III, IV.

Many there be that say of my soul,
There is no help for him in God.
But thou, Lord, art a shield about me;
My glory, and the lifter up of my head.
I cry unto the Lord with my voice,
And he answereth me out of his holy hill.
I laid me down and slept;
I awaked; for the Lord sustained me.

Many there be that say,
Who will show us any good?
Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us,
Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
More than they have when their grain and their new
wine are increased.
In peace will I both lay me down and sleep;
For thou, Lord, alone makest me dwell in safety.

Stand in awe, and sin not;
Commune with thine own heart upon thy bed, and be
still.
Offer the sacrifices of righteousness,
And put thy trust in the Lord.

DR. HENRY.

I am grateful that the wish was in the heart of the members of this family and of the officers of this Church that I should be present and have a part in the exercises of this afternoon, even though it be but a small one. And I wish to talk to you as a neighbor might talk to neighbors about a neighbor, who has gone away on a journey, which all of us must take sooner or later.

It is a matter of regret with me now that I have been so much absorbed and occupied in my own work that I have failed to avail myself of the opportunity, which might have been mine, to become better acquainted with this good woman, who has now gone from us; and still it would be impossible for anybody to live in the same community with Mrs. Eastman, and especially to be engaged in the same kind of work, without receiving some distinct and definite impression from her; and the impression, which I have received as a fellow worker, is one of rare grace and beauty.

Of her early religious experiences, I know nothing. I do not know that I have ever heard anything about them. I have thought that probably she never knew a time in her life when she did not love God and when she did not desire to order her life in harmony with His will. My knowledge of her begins with the time when she came to this city to take up the work in this Church. I know that she filled beautifully the offices which devolved upon her; that she rendered signal services in the Sunday School, in the W. C. T. U.,

in lectures, addresses and sermons in various places in support of every good cause, in pastoral work and in various forms of Christian activity. This large activity was not all. It was simply the expression of a deep and pervasive sense of Christian responsibility. She took upon herself as a matter of course the care of souls and the burdens of the church, and threw herself with zeal and self-sacrificing devotion into the religious life of the community, and has left an impression that can never be removed. And I may say here that Mr. Beecher was greatly comforted and helped and blessed by the work of this good woman and her husband from the time that they first came to this city, as I have reason to know, from conversations had with him from time to time.

Of her preaching I am not able to speak; I never heard her preach but once. I have been associated with her a number of times at funerals, and, from those occasions, I learned that the service of prayer, as conducted by her, was singularly inspiring, eminently comforting, and peculiarly adapted to help those who were in circumstances of trial, and these features of suppliant excellence were not prepared for parade. They seemed always to me to be a fervent outpouring of a heart that was in the habit of speaking her desires in secret into the ear of the Great Father in Heaven.

I have always thought that the manner of her coming into the work of the ministry was something splendid. I do not need to relate the facts to you—you know them well; the husband breaking down and the woman, with her fine courage and her splendid

ability, stepping into the gap to care for the little family which had gathered around them, and bearing that burden nobly, until they could together take up the work here. I have always thought that that was unspeakably fine, and you may not, some of you, know that, at the time of her ordination, Mr. Beecher was subjected to great censure, because he ordained a woman to preach the gospel. But Mr. Beecher told me on a number of occasions that there was nothing that gave him more satisfaction than the fact that he had ordained her. I remember the only time that I heard Mrs. Eastman preach. It was a Thanksgiving sermon, characterized by profound thought and felicitous expression. Mr. Beecher and I sat in the front pew and listened to her, and at the close of the service, Mr. Beecher turned to me, with considerable earnestness and emotion and said, "And yet there are people who censure me for ordaining that woman." He then went on to tell me of his high estimate of her, which he repeated in subsequent conversations a number of times. I know that he had the very highest opinion of this good woman from the beginning.

It was not her habit to attend the meetings of the pastors that are called from time to time to consider questions that arise in connection with the work of God in the city. She attended these gatherings only at times when Mr. Eastman was not able to be present to represent the Church, and let me say here in passing, that that was something I always admired in Mrs. Eastman. She was co-pastor of this Church, and yet it seemed to me that she always limited herself in her husband's presence, in order that he might stand

out prominently as the leader of his people. Now on the occasions of those gatherings of the pastors, there was in her manner a certain modest aloofness that was most charming, and if she expressed an opinion or a suggestion, it was always done with a certain diffidence that was most pleasing; I never saw in Mrs. Eastman anything obtrusive or self-assertive. I may say here what I said in my own pulpit last Sunday morning that she was the only woman I ever knew who took up public speaking that did not, by so doing, lose something of that fine flavor of womanliness, that is so attractive to us all.

There were two qualities that I seemed to see in Mrs. Eastman of which I wish to speak in a few words. And the first was her naturalness. I do not mean by that simply that in everything that she said and did, she was natural, sincere and unaffected; I mean something more than that. I mean that in herself she was natural according to God and according to the facts and harmonies of the universe. I never knew of anything in Mrs. Eastman in which I could detect a single false note in the harmony of her life with the harmony of universal truth. The divine life in nature was the mother of her soul, as God was the Father of her spirit. She was born of these parents and inherited largely from both.

I have been greatly gratified to see in newspapers the reproduction of that photograph, the last taken of her, among the beautiful surroundings of her home at Glenora. I may be mistaken, but it seemed to me, as I have looked upon this face, that she must have been at that moment in communion with those beauties

around about her, and that she detected in them something of that life of God, which she found in herself.

I could never think of Mrs. Eastman as ever being affected or even sentimental. The false, fine lady airs and graces of society seemed to be infinitely removed from her. She was strong, independent and original in her thinking, living the life of God as best she could from day to day.

The other was her affectionate nature, and it seemed to me that from this must come a large part of her experience, and of that pure, sweet influence which she exercised over others, for I noticed that those whom she drew to herself, were of our best. There are a great many women who have the power of loving intensely, but their loving is centered upon their own; outside of that particular company of friends, they do not have any affection to give to anybody or anything. The sun sheds light and heat upon the evil and the good, because it is full of light and heat and it is a very necessity of its nature to shine and warm. The convolvulus twines itself around other plants and draws them to itself. Types these, dear friends, of two different classes of people in this world. The one selfish, the other loving.

It seems to me as though Mrs. Eastman belonged to this latter class. She had a large leadership among women, but as there was nothing personal or selfish in her aims she did not arouse any enmity, jealousy or suspicion. It always seemed to me that those who were led by her were unconscious of that leadership. A true, natural, loving Christian woman of rare ability

and of generous culture, she enriched us all—this husband, these children, this Church, this community.

And the manner of her going away was to me unspeakably fine. At any rate it appeals to me as a thing that I would like to come to me. To work to the end, then without pain, to step into the Glory Land. I have thought of it so many times since I heard of her death. In the romp room in this Church on Thursday night, delighting all with her humor and her genial kindness, then home to a night of rest, guarded by the angels of God; then a little time of consciousness, and without pain, without any groaning or agony, to step into the presence of the dear Lord Christ.

As I understand her theological views I do not agree with them, but I do believe that Mrs. Eastman was one of the choicest saints of God, and if there is any place called Heaven, that is where I think Mrs. Eastman is, and it will always be an added attraction to Heaven in the thought of many that they will some day meet and greet this good woman. * * * *

“Dropped away; we may not hold her;
Mightier arms than ours enfold her;
Do we call the swallow back
Loves the ship the iceberg’s track—
Let her sleep!

Though our hopes are torn and dead,
And our souls disquieted,
We may arise and go and pray
In the light of God’s pure day—
Let her sleep!

MR. BROCKWAY.

The personal note with, perhaps, some tinge of reminiscent religious experience cannot well be excluded from my brief part in these exercises. More appropriately others may know and express the magnitude of the loss to the collective church and congregation occasioned by the death of Mrs. Eastman. I present only an individual impression, except to venture the remark that disseverance of the woman from the dual pastorship is especially regrettable. The union of the masculine and the womanly has been most serviceable and the loss in this respect will never be completely compensated in any single individual minister.

We have lost the mothering. When, in the order of the Sunday service, the recitation of the Lord's Prayer was reached, Mrs. Eastman leading began, "Our Father," her womanhood suggested the words so tenderly interjected in the published prayers of Theodore Parker—"And our Mother, too!" One of the men of our congregation once said to me, in effect, that Mrs. Eastman in the pulpit, particularly her public prayer, turned his thought from the swing of the on-going ceremony to the scene of his childhood home where nightly, in the nursery, he had knelt at his mother's knee and said his evening prayer in preparation for the pillow and the good-night kiss. Probably it was good for him and all of us, to be unleashed from the current religious ceremonial and, in tender memories, recall the period of our infant innocence together with the ministries of mother-love.

Mrs. Eastman's mental type, her habitual general attitude and her ministrations all, were extremely satisfying. Apparently without effort, certainly without toilsome argumentation, her mind easily reached the soul of truths. Her conclusions were correct and could bear the test of severest logic: but she seemed to aviate directly to the goal unimpeded by the usual laborious logical mental process. As Carlyle says of heroes, she looked through the shows of things into the things themselves. The statement of her conclusions was always clear, couched in well chosen words, and convincing. Her mind and methods diverted other minds from perplexing useless questionings and imparted restfulness.

Naturally the sorrowful event which is the occasion of this assemblage, incites remembrance of those who, in the past, have influenced a present religious attitude and, particularly, the relation of Mrs. Eastman thereto. Aroused fifty years ago, to a new religious interest, by the powerful reasoning and commingled fervor of Charles G. Finney, evangelist of the last mid-century; at once interested in institutionary church work led by manly Jonathan Edwards, a direct descendant of the historic theological celebrity from whom his name was derived; moved to more thoughtful seriousness by the ministry of Dr. Hogarth, of Geneva, N. Y., during ten years of his ministry at Detroit; the habit of introspection, added to other inquiry, induced by contact with the great mind of our Mr. Beecher, it remained for Mrs. Eastman to divert my mind from the disturbing questioning by the lure of the broad foundations she herself had

found. Thus there is brought together and joined, completing the circle of an experience, substantially the attitude of Finney's masculine mind, at the beginning, with the same essential quality, at what must now be near the finish, in Mrs. Eastman; but with more delicacy and directness of perception and refinement of communicating than belonged to Mr. Finney.

Mrs. Eastman maintained a remarkable, even balance of feeling and of intellect. Any prejudice that women are overruled by feeling to the injury of their ideality is removed by such examples as Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Eastman. The high thinking but measures the depth of feeling, as has been lately said of Mrs. Howe, just as the spread of a tree's branches above the earth is matched by the spread of its roots underground.

Mrs. Eastman was fond of poetry—a phase of ideality and a taste transmitted to her children—but, her balanced faculties, her honesty and skill of interpretation and explanation enabled her, it is said, to complete in a prose statement the truth which poetry often exaggerates to perfect.

Last summer at Glenora, Mrs. Eastman said of herself (whether regretfully or as a fresh consciousness, or humorously, it was difficult to tell), "I have never had a systematic course of theological training." Is it not possible that, gifted as she was, absence of such training may have facilitated her remarkable insight; the free, broad, tranquil attitude maintained; and have contributed to the usefulness of her ministrations? Certain it is that Mrs. Eastman was untrammelled by the dogmas, traditions, ceremonials, and

pulpit phraseology that sometimes proceed from the schools of theology.

While not given to controversy Mrs. Eastman was hotly intolerant of shams and consoling sophistries. At the same time, she was most tolerant of honest difference; patient with theological and philosophical nescience; yet unassertive, if she was really conscious, of her own expanded realm of intellection. In full sincerity and reverence for the reverence of others, she conducted and participated in the formal worshipful observances of the Sunday and other stated assemblages, but not, it is believed, regarding them as sacramental rites, or meritorious ceremonials, but rather as established means of culture from a shallow to a deeper spiritual life.

Mrs. Eastman was brave—possessed in full measure the courage of her convictions—but her bravery was so commingled with gentleness, delicate considerateness, and was so unpretentious that this characteristic did not always appear upon the surface. Now, in admiring remembrance it is disclosed in her complete independence of opinion and her unrestrained, yet calm, expressions. It is seen in her espousal of measures for the social advancement and notably, to those who have the intimate knowledge, it is demonstrated in trying exigencies of the family life.

Withal she was extraordinarily tactful, far beyond mere adroitness and finesse. I mean, instinctively quick to discover the appropriate and to avoid the inappropriate on all occasions. I now recall an illustrative instance of her tactfulness which I greatly appreciate. It was on the occasion of a Sunday after-

noon musical service at the Reformatory at which Mrs. Eastman directed the awakened sensibilities of the twelve hundred men into a salutary channel. After a half hour of specially designed vocal and instrumental musical selections, when the musical sense of the mass was at its height, Mrs. Eastman tactfully avoiding the repression incident to formal scripture reading and public prayer at such a point, did instead, and in a familiar way, mention Palmer's hymn of Consolation beginning, "My faith looks up to Thee." Propounding the inquiry whether, probably, we had or could discover the feeling with which the author composed it, proceeded to analyze, on a level of human appreciation of such men, the first line and others separately. Myself and the wonderful power that brings things to pass—the Thee—and the wireless connection of the two—the faith or confidence or courage. "Thou Lamb of Calvary"—explained as one who could stand by for the truth and the right when it cost a present pain but had promise of future happiness. "Nor let me ever stray!"—How such a strong desire and uplook helps to keep one from evil. "Fear and distrust remove"—the similarity of sentiment expressed in the first and last line. Then the hymn entire—what might have been the troubles and soul travail out of which the hymn was born. Asking the crowd before her, "Do we now better appreciate the sentiment of the hymn?" Now the incited curiosity was directed to discovering the sentiment she had explained in words, as it would be and was then expressed by the inarticulate tones of the organ in the hands of Mr. Carter. This done, the men were asked

to watch out for it as it would be immediately interpreted by the sympathetic contralto soloist provided for the occasion with only accompaniment of the organ. The passive crowd, thus plied with the one impression, intensified it by self-expression led by the organ, piano, cello and the vocalist. Rising from the seats, the twelve hundred voices sang in unison this old revival hymn with moving power.

It was a rare occasion of healthful high emotion for such a company, and the effectiveness was largely due to Mrs. Eastman's wise and tactful adjustment of herself to the intended purpose of it.

I have now mentioned, inadequately I know, some of Mrs. Eastman's characteristics that specially appeal to me. But no mention of the separate qualities of this lofty, exceptional character could be adequate, for, as was remarked by the Rev. Chapman, the character is unanalyzable; the complexities are so interwoven to form the symmetrical whole that it must be considered in its entirety or not be truly known. This, I offer as my apology.

One by one the five principal religious tutors, who were also attached friends, have gone on in advance. With none of them was I, in all respects, so consciously in accord as with Mrs. Eastman. I shall treasure memory of our last cordial meeting at the Wednesday Morning Club within the two weeks. None beyond the bereaved family can more deplore our loss. But, if Mrs. Eastman could speak now and here, would she not chide us for our sorrowful regretfulness, since, in truth, regrets are always vain?

Our sorrow and our sympathy will be best ex-

pressed in the support we give to him whose affliction is greatest; upon whom now and henceforth will devolve the responsibilities and duties which hitherto have been so lovingly shared.

DR. GANNETT.

There is great beauty in such a service as this. It is all in the spirit. Usually at such a time friends gather around the form on which the strange beauty of death is resting. The service is tender and holy, but there are tears and sadness in it. The bodily form is present, and we feel the awe of its change. Here we are all in the spirit; here we can come with a smile. Can we not come with a smile? Shut your eyes so that you will not see one another, and she will seem just as much in the midst as any one of ourselves. Nay, more, because in the spirit we all will be looking at her. But the service is beautiful in another way. There are but three or four voices speaking here to-day, but you all are bringing tributes in your hearts. One is thinking of some word that she said; one of some kind deed done in secret; another of her voice, of the tone in certain forgotten words; another of some wise thing said in public; another of some deed whose service to the community is still enlarging with time.

You are all bringing such tributes of recollection, though only three or four voices are speaking. If from them all we try to frame some common impres-

sion of her, what would we find our thoughts trying to say? I have not been privileged to know Annis Ford Eastman as closely as many of you have known her. Once or twice here in her Sunday place, once or twice in her home, once or twice in my own home, once or twice in pulpit or on platform in some other city, I have seen her, heard her, talked with her, felt that I was gathering true impression of her life,—and loved her. It was loss that I did not know her more closely; and yet there may be a little offset of advantage in that. Only those who have been up on the mountain, and often, can know the beauty of its glens; but those who have seen it from the distance can perhaps best tell what the mountain is in the landscape. I have looked from afar on a beautiful mountain-land of personality, of womanhood. And if I try to tell what I have seen, trying at the same time to make my report a summary of what I imagine you bring in your unspoken tributes, I find myself thinking of four qualities of noble personality.

The first of them is **Reality**. Emerson speaks of "real people, dwelling with the real, face to face, undaunted." As we say the words over, we see a soul and a universe; and the soul confronting this universe, dwelling with it, dwelling in it, atom of it, face to face with the mighty whole of it, all undaunted. Reality in this great sense comes to mind, when we think of this woman. A lover of the truth; a lover of the fact; one who discerned the conditions, without losing sight of the theory; one who accepted the real, yet never forgot the ideal; and one who recognized as the problem of living that this real was to be re-made,

transformed, transfigured into the ideal. Let me quote her own words: she is speaking of the world in which we live as "a world in which each one is to win his livelihood, and, in so doing, contribute something for weal or for woe to the life of the whole. This is our sphere, and there are three ways of dealing with it. If we run away from the world, it has defeated us without struggle; if we make it our master and know no other allegiance, it has conquered us openly; but if we receive it as the material in which we must work, and strive to mould it into some shape of moral beauty, in deeds of beneficence, in measures securing justice to all men, then we use it with the practical wisdom which Jesus commended to his disciples." That is what I mean by "reality," as it was in this woman. She accepted the conditions of things, knowing—in this lay the dauntlessness—that her errand on earth was to bring these conditions nearer to the ideal. A practical, clear-seeing, out-speaking, out-acting, brave method of life.

But this "reality" is a dangerous quality. It brings one into contrast with those who are less real. We live amid social conventions,—in the mass indispensable. Civilization and progress consist largely of organized conventionalities of society. And when we meet a "real" person who ignores these conventions more than most of us do, we are apt to feel a little abused and uneasy: the unusual person is "queer" to us, and we seem to be losing our social bearings. All that has probably happened is that we have encountered a person who has a clear, where we have a hazy, habit of thinking; and a clear-cut, sharp-cornered

way of expressing conviction, while we are more used to the suave and rounded, indefinite way. When it is the function of such a person to speak on religious subjects, we sometimes have one who cannot abide what he calls the "mystical"; but if he is wise enough to know that we cannot escape the mystical in religion, cannot be religious without being mystical, we still have one who feels bound as a truth-lover to shape his thoughts as clearly, and express them as definitely and thoroughly, as he can; and who, in following truth to positions new to himself or to others, exacts honesty of himself and bravery—if one may use such a word as bravery in the matter at all—exacts honesty and bravery of himself, because he feels, however humble in heart, that God has trusted him with a vision and with words to utter the vision, and that he must be true to the Giver of the vision and the word, whatever becomes of the speaker. As I say this, are you not thinking of her?

"Reality," then, is a dangerous quality, unless it be wedded with another quality,—**Sympathy**. A real person who is not sympathetic, we fear and avoid. A real person who is sympathetic is apt to become, if we are wise and humble enough, our best teacher, our most helpful friend and inspirer, perhaps our re-maker. The second quality that comes into mind as we think of this woman we loved,—is it not this very quality of sympathy? Words that mean "with one another" seem to apply to her,—fellow-feeling, putting oneself in another's place, the spirit of togetherness, co-operation. I think of her as one who instinctively, and yet, if it took effort, conscientiously, and with intent, would

put herself in the place or the attitude of the one she was with; into that one's differing thought, that one's ache, that one's hunger and thirst, whatever it was. "Speaking the truth in love" is a beautiful New Testament phrase, but in the original Greek the phrase is more beautiful yet and stronger,—"truthing it in love." "Truthing it in love" is veracity become a fine art. When a wise friend, differing from us in thought, begins to "truth it in love," speaking clearly and forthright, not shading conviction, not making allowance, not giving milk to our babyhood, "truthing it," and yet in look, tone, manner, fairness of statement, fairness towards our statement, "truthing in love,"—that is the interview that we remember; that is the thought that begins to re-color, re-shape, our own thought; that is the friend we call "wise," and look up to with reverence, and go to again when we need counsel, and wish we were like. And I am thinking of her—are not you?—as one who had this grace, this charm, this fascinating power of "truthing it in love."

As I say "grace" and "charm," the words bring the outside back to vision. We see the kindness of face, and hear the tones of a voice. I have heard stories of that tone-charm. Not many of even beautiful women are gifted with it,—the low voice that carries not only into the distance of space, but into the secret places of the heart. Add to this the charm of smile, of the wordless sympathy uttered in eyes, and give these to one who is "real,"—that is the one who has power with us to overturn, transform and uplift.

When one speaks of her sympathy, we think, too, of the home-maker in her, the woman to whom home

was as heaven, and who half-made it that to those who shared with her in it; of the woman who was sister to many, and mother to more than her own; of the tender counsellor to whom the outsider and stranger would come expectant of vision and comfort and strength, expectant to borrow life and the sense of God in the life. I fancy that many a person has come to this woman and gone away with conviction that the angel can home in the human, and with deepened conviction of the presence and comfort of what we call "God" in what we call "Nature."

And all must be thinking of Mrs. Eastman in a third way,—as a woman who gave herself to the community to serve it in public. Not many, either women or men, who dare to become "ministers," become shining successes of ministry; but this clear-headed, loving person, who went in and out of your homes and your hearts, was known through our Western New York, and in widening circles, as a successful minister. That takes originality and bravery and ability and consecration, in a woman. She must have said to herself early in life—said it humbly, but said it,—“God meant me to be a sister to all I can reach, a helper to anyone needy, a voice perhaps to the many.” Therefore out from the home, where four walls to so many women mark the horizon of life, she found her way, when the hour of opportunity came, into this larger needier home of the community, full of souls asking, souls seeking and not always finding the path, souls hungering and thirsting with the myriad human wants. She must have felt this was her errand on earth. You know—none so well—how she bore herself on

that errand. In this, whatever of perfect she was in the quieter sphere, in this, I take it, she made her largest contribution to life. Her achievement was this,—she took an ideal womanhood from the privacy, in which, if attained, it is usually kept, and exercised it in public. That is what some call “losing womanhood,” “sacrificing womanhood.” You know better. In her you have seen this achievement to be no departure from sphere, but transfer from smaller to larger concentric sphere. You have watched it in her as the application of motherhood to a community’s problems and needs. Can woman do better than that with her womanhood? To you this must seem the exaltation of womanhood. And what one woman has successfully done, cannot others do? Should they not try to do? These are the questions that a ministry like your minister’s puts to all women and to sceptical men. There are many “real” people in the world after all,—scores, doubtless, here in Elmira; and many of these may have the “sympathy,” too; but there are not many as yet who have helped as much as your minister helped you, to emancipate womanhood, to enlarge and enrich it. Not to be counted among the great and famous of earth, we yet may think of her as type of the woman-to-be, the one who shall feel, “Not to my own home alone with my nearest and dearest, do I belong; to the larger home, also, of my community I am to offer my full womanhood.” And her example verifies this that she who so offers herself at her best, and serves the public successfully, may thereby become even better as home-maker, still richer as wife, still nobler as mother. Is not this the

ideal of the larger and freer womanhood,—a better community-mother because the home-mother, a better home-mother because the community-mother? She realized this ideal.

One word more may I say, venturing, where I ought not, into her interior life? Even without knowing her well one could divine somewhat of that. It was Mrs. Browning, I think, who said, "By the look in his eyes you could know that those eyes had looked upon God." There was something about her look and her manner that conveyed the sense of life lived with Him in the spirit; what we mean, I suppose, when, using the word at its highest, we say, "She lived a life of prayer." Prayer at its best is necessarily a continuing prayer, non-intermittent; and not prayer lengthily worded, nor perhaps often escaping to words, but a prayer lived. I think of her as one who, whatever she outwardly did, must have lived in the closets of prayer; and as one who in spirit often knelt before God, saying, "Have mercy upon me a failer, who have not yet tried as hard as I should, as I will, to do the work given me to do! Help me, O God, to be true,—I who, loving thy will, have not yet attained!" There are those who seem to be "born good," as we say; and others who seem to be self-made good by endeavor, in whom we discern signs of temptation met, struggled with, and only finally conquered. I suspect that this woman-minister had "virtue" all through her goodness, and was all the more "minister" for that; that is, was one who had inwardly battled for her goodness and won it, and that what we saw in her eyes was the peace shining after the victory. From

that thought how natural to look up to God! Let us pray.

Even so, Father, there is nothing so natural as coming to Thee. When we feel our way up towards our own heights of being, when we look up towards the heights of being in others, then are we at prayer. So is it now with us thinking of her: woman-led to the heights, we are thinking of Thee. O God, we are glad for her! Glad she has been on our earth; glad she has walked these years among us; glad we have looked on her face; glad we have heard her voice; glad we have listened for the wisdom in it. We thank Thee for all she has been, beautifying our ideal of the soul and its life, our ideal of the woman's soul, the woman's life, the woman's helpfulness. We thank Thee for her truth-telling; for that bravery, that is no bravery, of being truthful to Thee, when Thou art speaking within; for the love out of which her truth spoke; for the wide circuit of her truth-telling and loving. We thank Thee for the secrets opened to her in the closet with Thee, then uttered by her where the people could hear and say, "A woman has spoken, and I have a message from God."

Father, they thank Thee most who best knew her, they whose home will seem strange now without her, whose lives will seem emptied a while,—who blessed, and still bless her, who blessed and always will bless Thee for her. Thank Thee, O God, that we can love so that it hurts, when we lose. Thank Thee that we are wounded with the emptiness of things, when those

who have filled them with light, with color, with beauty, with tone for us vanish into the unseen and the silent. Woe would it be to us, Father, if we could not suffer then! Woe, if, we going, no one should miss! Glory of love, triumph of love is the pain of our losing!

And Father, if we could hear her voice speak to us now, we know she would join us—not in these tributes—but in thankfulness and praise to Thee for the life that was given to her here among us, here among her beloved, here among those whom her heart and her hands could help, and who helped her to grow to her stature and beauty. How would she praise them, how would she send benediction upon them! How she will fill the silences for them with beautiful memories! She will become her holier self, unseen, unheard, untouched,—more real, more close, a self of the spirit, a being like the inmost God in their hearts, in their lives! **Amen.**

DR. MOORE.

I am to read to you one of Mrs. Eastman's sermons—one of her own messages of cheer and hope, and, at the end, I will read one of her own prayers.

2nd PETER, 1:5-7.

Giving all diligence add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience Godli-

ness; and to Godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.

I do not imagine that these words were penned as quickly and with as little effort as they are read. Slowly, thoughtfully, taking counsel again and again of the ideal that he saw with his inner eye, Peter bodied forth in them his highest conception of the human spirit, even as an artist bends with loving devotion above the picture which is to express his vision of the ideal beauty and grace of the human form.

Give all diligence, supply in your faith, virtue, in your virtue, knowledge; in your knowledge, self-control; in your self-control, patience; in your patience, Godliness; in your Godliness, brotherly love; in your brotherly love, love.

If you examine the various studies that an artist makes in working toward a great picture, studies of a brow, a hand, a pair of lips, a bit of vesture, you are often able to discern dimly what the completed picture will be like, at least you can tell whether it is to be a revelation of strength or subtlety, of man or beast, of passion or peace.

So, here, you know that it is not the highly organized animal man whose lineaments are to be declared; it is the man filled with all the fulness of God. "That ye might be partakers of the divine nature," he says. That is the size of his canvas, the scope of his words. It is his ideal in the rough.

Let us try to follow the mind of the artist and see how he lays in with loving touch and thoughtful skill the lines and hues which shall make this vague

and shadowy ideal look out at us with human eyes of gracious invitation, with brow and smile of eternal hope.

Faith is the foundation. It is that which gives body to the whole work, the faith that lays hold on God, thro' the knowledge of Him that hath called man to glory and virtue. The Christian world is filled with the smoke of fierce word battles over the nature of Jesus Christ, but one, and that the essential, truth concerning him, shines clear above all smoke of strife. If men would pause from their contentions and look up they could no more fail to discern this truth than they could fail of the vision of the calm heavens that smile undisturbed above all earth-born clouds. This abiding truth is declared in that description, of the Christ, "He that hath called us to glory and virtue."

Every soul that has had knowledge of Christ is convinced, and that without argument, that in Him he is called to glory and virtue. God has so bound us up in the bundle of life together that we cannot have knowledge of any nature higher than our own without being called by the very knowledge to exercise a like virtue. This is really the reason for our interest in each other, this makes the recital of heroic deeds charm our souls and the story of self devotion thrill our hearts; because we feel that we, too, might be, nay ought to be, capable of these things. We know ourselves called by all heroes and martyrs to do and suffer and achieve even as they did.

Just as surely as we feel the downward tug of a lower nature in another, so surely do we feel the up-

ward drawing of the higher. This is the "high calling" of God in Christ Jesus of which the Bible speaks. Not what he says calls us alone, nor what he does, but what he is of that which we ought to be. That faith in Jesus Christ then, as making known man's possible glory and virtue, as declaring man's normal condition, as showing that spiritual completeness is that faith which sees in Christ the type of man which God is trying to develop in each one of us, the supreme result of the upward striving of the spiritual in human nature—that faith, or that vision of Jesus as Son of God and Son of man, is the **foundation** of the divine likeness in us. Christ in you roused by the Christ who stands at the door. Deep calling unto deep. The Spirit of Life crying to the bound and sleeping spirit in every man's breast, "Come forth."

But foundations are only beginnings. To your faith in the type, to your faith that this type is for you, must at once be added **virtue**. Virtue here is not another name for that sum of gracious qualities which we call goodness. It has rather the meaning of the Latin root from which it comes; it means vigor, the vigor that comes by struggle and conquest.

The faith of virtue or the virtue of faith does not express itself in sentimental longings or pious ejaculations. It has no notion of being carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, it does not sing "Nothing remains for me to do, Jesus paid it all," nor sigh "Oh, to be nothing, nothing." Far other is its strong appeal: "Let me fill up in my body that which remains of the sufferings of Christ." Far loftier is the yearn-

ing of its ambition, "that I may know the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death, that I may share his fate of ignominious failure, if so be I may know within my soul the power of his resurrection."

Virtue as used here is not the consummation of character. It is that energy of the soul which undertakes the heroic task of bringing all human powers and passions into harmony with its ideal. It is that in us to which every prophet of righteousness has addressed himself. Nay more, it is that to which nature herself appeals, crying from the beginning even until now, "Overcome!" "He that overcometh shall receive the crown of life." Every divine gift is wrought out in us, it is never bestowed upon us. God's gifts are all invitations to conquest, they cannot pauperize him who receives. Soil and seed and sun and shower, what is their message? "Cooperate with us! The fruitful garden shall be at once God's gift and your achievement."

So we are enabled to stand creating in our small part of God's great universe, even like the child whose father says, "Here is your little plot and here are your seeds, make them grow, give them souls in flower and fruit that they may speak to you and see your glory." So the child works and waits, plans and fails, and learns and triumphs, because of the wise father's restrained might. "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

The whole story is told anew in the experience of every baby. An infant is a person who has to stay just where it is put (this is not an exhaustive des-

cription of a baby, but it is true as far as it goes). It cannot get away from the place where it is set, without help. How does it finally become able to stand up and walk? Does it wake up some morning when about twelve months old and find itself able to go alone? No, it is this way. One day the baby is sitting on a big soft rug in a sunny spot on the carpet, it notices that the people who stop to talk and play with it can get away when they please. Little brother, who plays 'Boo' so enchantingly, hears a voice from outside calling "Jack, Oh, Jack," and away he goes and the baby is left alone. Now he thinks he would like to be able to do that, the ideal dawns upon him, beckons him. He looks at his hands and feet, not dreamily as he has contemplated them a thousand times before, but with an eye to business. He sees their possible value to him and proceeds to lay hold of a chair and try to pull himself up, but something pulls back harder than he pulls up, and so he goes head over heels backwards and gets a bump that makes him scream and brings his adoring little court back again. He didn't do what he aimed to do, but he did something. This is true of every sincere effort in any sphere. But he is not discouraged, tries again and again until he is at last able to stand up by the chair, hold on with one hand, and beat an accompaniment to his crow of triumph with the other. In a little while he thinks he will try getting from chair to sofa. He notices that people move by lifting up one foot and setting it down a little in advance of the other, then putting the other forward, and so on. It looks easy so he tries it, but behold when he tries to lift

his foot something pulls it back; it doesn't come up easy like a rubber ball. Only by trying again and again, growing a little stronger with each struggle, is he at last able to move about like other people. How did he do it? By overcoming that something which pulled him down, by conquering it. After he conquered it once it was easier next time, until at last he formed a habit of overcoming, and that is all anybody does who walks.

What is that which the baby overcomes? We say the force of gravitation, but that does not imply that we know anything about it. It is that which holds all things together, a very useful something, never more useful however than when it is giving the baby something to overcome that he may grow strong and form a habit of overcoming. Is not this an epitome of God's method in making a man? Ask gardener, thinker, author, painter, saint, hero, whence came ye? "Out of great tribulation, out of that which we have overcome!"

All the beauty and goodness and love and joy in the world to-day is the fruit of somebody's overcoming. Can you think of a better way to make a world? God knew the end from the beginning when he hid the gold and silver in the gloomy hills, stored the swift lightning in the clouds, stuck the warm wool tight on the sheeps' backs, and wound the beautiful shining silks close up in the bodies of little worms, put the houses and the ships in the trees, the bread in the wheat, the sweets in the sugar cane, and man's highest happiness in the dark law of labor. And when he puts fair dreams, lofty aspirations into the hearts

of his children and between the dream and its fulfillment sets great rocks of difficulty and seas of hindrance, and then says "Come to me, child. Overcome. He that overcometh shall sit down with me in my kingdom." Shall we not rejoice that to our faith may be added this dignity of self-realization by struggle?

Why is our faith so often limp and lifeless? Why does it so often fail us in the severe crises of life, when the great and precious promises of God which we have heard intoned by our trained choirs in the dim religious light of the sanctuary, seem to us idle and unmeaning words if one recite them to us in the broad glare of the city street, or demand that they should bear rule in the market place. Is it not because our faith has not supplied in itself virtue, vigor?

Take that spiritual truth which has grown dullest to you, which lacks all lustre of conviction, all glow of beauty, translate it for one moment of your dull life into action in mortal conflict with outward prejudice or bosom sin, and it shall surely shine again in its original glory.

But in your vigorous, virtuous faith must be supplied knowledge, discriminating knowledge; the knowledge that is gained most often by defeat; that precious heritage of knowledge into which we enter so easily to-day, but which was earned by those who went before us.

A working faith in God inspired by a personal knowledge of Jesus Christ does not fear, but rather welcomes the closest investigation of the sacred

oracles, does not tremble nor turn away from the revelations of science, is not afraid that God will be destroyed if Calvin and Augustine and Paul may be shown to have seen, each of them, thro' a glass darkly. The man of valorous faith calmly faces the light which science is throwing upon the origin of man and his sacred things in nature. Will the scientist show us what we came from and how long it has taken the universe to produce the beginnings of spirit and self-conscious life? Faith replies "We are interested indeed in tracing our ancestry and discovering our lowly origin, but it is a subject of minor interest after all. Not "what was I," nor indeed "what am I" are the questions of absorbing interest, but "what may I become?"

So long as I can see before me a fair ideal of spiritual achievement, so long as I know within myself that I am called to this height, nothing shall daunt or discourage me. That I have come a long way since my substance was curiously wrought in the lower-most parts of the earth, that I may have very far to go before my goal is reached, does not dishearten me. I will rather, therefore, gird up my soul to pass quickly from stage to stage of my journey.

I rejoice in the vigorous faith that welcomes knowledge of every sort as an essential part of the divine image in which we must be made complete. The more knowledge the Christian has, the greater his power, and other things being equal, the more like God he becomes.

A vigorous faith in Christ we have seen calls us to the imitation of his virtue. Need we fear that any

growth of knowledge shall have power to destroy such faith? Knowledge is the accumulated capital of overcoming. Each conquest is new vantage ground for a nobler strife. He who disdains knowledge, casts aside the experience of his race, chooses to go back to the primary class in the world-school.

But when in your vigorous faith discriminating knowledge has been supplied, that fearlessness of investigation which is worthy of God's child in God's world, still the divine image is not complete.

To your knowledge add **temperance**, one of the noblest and least comprehended words in the New Testament. Self-government. Vigorous faith and calm discernment shall have well in hand, as a careful driver, their spirited steeds, the mighty passions of the human spirit, the rioting appetites of the human body.

Self-government. But how little we know of self-government! Who controls even his muscles so that they bear no witness by meaningless twitching to the perturbation of spirit within? The eloquent speaker who fingers his watch chain, the student who rubs his head or bites his nails, they betray in the best a sad lack of self mastery. Who knows how to lie down and rest, or to ride in a carriage and let the horse do the pulling? Which of us has known the sublime experience of the Psalmist who said "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep."

Modern science and feeble will are not able to do for us what a very simple and uninstructed faith and a strong will did for David. We cannot command

relaxation or repose; we cannot either bend circumstances to our will, or conquer them in yielding. We cannot help worrying. We obey our appetites in the face of knowledge, saying, "this is bad, unwholesome, hurtful, but I want it."

He who can say "No" to his own appetites, speak peace to the storm in his own breast, he indeed has become a partaker of the divine nature.

But there are still finer lines to be drawn in this picture of a soul. To your self-government must be added **patience**, patience with those who have not yet attained a like self mastery.

We are to be like God in the regnant qualities of his nature, by virtue of which he works ever his own will and maketh the wrath of man to praise him, but also in those qualities whose beauty is only seen in the attitude toward weakness and moral failure.

How many of our lives, upright, faithful, self-controlled, lack just this tender glow that patience gives. When we have felt the powers of the world to come, when the vision of it entrances us and we would fain hasten the coming of it, how prone we are to turn upon those whose eyes are still blinded and berate them because they do not see. Patience anoint the blind eyes, let your light shine, it will call out eyes to see if you give it time. Overcome evil, not with bludgeon and blunderbuss, but with good! Here is a man or a woman honestly cherishing a beautiful ideal of womanhood enshrining for him some dear saint (and unconscious martyr perhaps) of a former time. He fears that your new woman of business and clubs and culture and politics and talk will shatter forever

that cherished ideal. What will open his eyes to the truth? Only the rising upon his horizon of some gracious embodiment of the new womanhood in which all that was most excellent in the past is conserved and glorified. Patience! How the cool deliberate man despises the ardent, impulsive one with his hot words wrecking his cause. The fastidious woman looks her contempt at her sister of coarser grain, but perhaps of **hardier** virtues.

The prudent man cannot abide the imprudence of the heart that forgets to be just in being generous. And the healthy man, temperate by nature and habit, born in harmony with his physical environment, how shall he learn patience with that one who enters life unstrung, so that every influence that plays upon him evolves only harsh discord. Yet this is the beginning of the supreme divinity in human nature, that in your self-government you should supply patience with the chaotic, the unenlightened, the uninspired.

But in your patient endurance there shall also be **Godliness**. It shall not be the endurance of the stoic, who will cheat accident and fate of their victory by first destroying feeling, nor of the ascetic who withdraws from his fellows and condemns the world. It shall be like the patience and long suffering of God, leading many to repentance. Not the patience of despair, but the patience of hope. The patience of despair is written upon many a face. It says to me, "I am the influence that saves multitudes from insanity. If it were not for me the world would be filled with raving maniacs." But this is not the spirit of salva-

tion which I see, too, in other human faces. It says, "I am sowing seed, waiting for the early and the latter rain. I leave my seed and go away to rise up and lie down every day in my appointed lot. But my harvest is sure. I take the long look, I know whom I have believed."

How slowly does our picture grow! Is there a tenderer hue to be supplied in eye and mouth? We have a manly, womanly, vigorous faith with both eyes open to the light of truth from every quarter, by which the whole body, soul, and spirit are made obedient to the highest ideal of personal attainment in patient endurance of the discipline of life. What is the lack? In your Godliness brotherly kindness. Godliness is a cold virtue if it abide alone, nay, Godliness is declared unto us in brotherly kindness. Ours shall not be a withdrawn, self-centered Godliness that judges and condemns. In the eyes of our portrait the vision of God is reflected, but its hand is outstretched to the brother in whom also that likeness is to be reproduced.

Is your Godliness like that of Jesus, which made the chief joy of a feast, and the only light of a funeral? Does it see in the relationships of the home, the appointments of business and social life, opportunities of service? Is your godliness not so much a rebuke to sinners as an invitation, not a condemnation but a hope?

Yet even then the future is not complete! It needs the supreme touch of the divine artist. In your brotherly kindness supply love. Here we take the last step from the individual, from the brother whom, hav-

ing seen his need and his possibilities, we love, to the universal, to him whom having not seen we love, even every creature made in the image of the invisible God. Nothing less than a heart that embraces the world and salutes every creature as child of God and heir of immortality, can complete our conception of the perfect man.

There are many good people who are never able here to add this touch to the divine likeness within them, who cannot rise to the universal in any direction. Yet all our relationships in life are planned that we may thus grow, and in some elect souls in every nation the fruition of such growth has been reached. What is your personal grief teaching you? Sympathy with the great brotherhood of mourners, so that you feel with the whole sorrowing heart of humanity the pressure of that dark mystery which has weighed upon us since time began? What of that ardent love of your child, bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh? Love of all children, nay of all weakness, immaturity, need, which makes its eternal appeal to strength? What is your love for one woman or one man teaching you? Reverance for all womanhood everywhere, honor for all manhood? This is what God means by inspiring in you such passionate love for one being—that you learn to love all.

We cannot conceive of a partial God. If ye love them which love you what thank have ye? And yet how hard we find it to love freely, without grudging, with self-devotion, even them that love us.

God make you to increase and abound in love one toward another and toward all men to the end he may

establish your hearts unblamable in holiness before our God and Father. God will be satisfied with nothing less than this increasing and abounding love toward all men, which is his measure of a man's capacity. Nor will **you** when once you have caught sight of it as the worthy end of that age-long-process of self-realization upon which our race long since was entered.

PRAYER.

Led by the light which shines for every man in his own soul, we have come to this place to be joined with each other in those exercises of worship by which men have heartened each other through all the ages of human history.

We would yield ourselves without reserve to the atmosphere of faith and hope and love which breathes from the spirits of the humble and the true among us.

May the unlovely thought which has come in with us, be rebuked and depart from us; may the trembling hopes lift up their heads and rejoice in the light.

The power of thought, Thy love, O God, has bestowed upon us. That power, we have exercised upon the primal necessities of our lives—to win food and refreshment, rest and delight for our bodies.

We have but obeyed the law of our life,—Thy decree not our choice that bread must come first. Yet we thank Thee that there is a hunger and a

thirst in earth which the bounty of the earth cannot satisfy—a thirst arises in us which no mortal joy can quench—a weariness which finds no rest save in the everlasting arms which are underneath us all.

Help us in our attempt at worship to lift our thoughts to that which can renew our strength, speak peace to our tired spirits, spread joy abroad in us where anxious cares have contended.

Each one of us has his own world, which he has made, or into which he was born. Each soul knows a loneliness and a home-sickness that no other can share, each walks in a path apart, unaccompanied unless he open his eyes to behold the invisible comrade.

May we all so open our eyes—if not to-day—if not here, where perhaps the very convention of worship removes Thee from our thought—yet somewhere—in some hour—by the way as we walk—in the stress of some trial which is too great for us—in some darkness that can never be lightened unless God lighten it—in Thine own way—yes, in each soul's own way—the only way in which the things of the Spirit can reach him—speak Thou to each one. Thy spirit is our breath of life. And if Thy will be hard to us, and Thy message one of reproof and sadness, calling upon us for a courage, a repentance, a task to which we feel unequal, may the voice that tells us the right way, give us strength to take the first step in it—for this is all Thou art asking!

May we not wait for a clearer view, a fairer day, for our entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Here is the gate before us—the gate of a purer love, a braver, truer life.

May our human fellowship grow more satisfying and more fair—may we live together day by day, in truth and love and simple faithfulness—in cheerful companionship, as those who climb together a long, an upward road.

Nature and man, justice and mercy, truth and right, order and beauty, all are paths that lead to Thee—the Perfect One.

In these paths, may each one of us be found when the morning sun climbs the sky, in the mid-day hours crowded with labor and care. And when our little day declines and the shadows lengthen, into Thy hands, Thy hands alone, we commit our being and our treasures, world without end.

DR. GANNETT.

The faith that makes faithful, the hope that saves, and the love that casts out fear, and the peace of God that passeth understanding, be and abide with us all, forever more. *Amen.*

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